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There's a Reason

FEROCIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

An Incident in the Life of the Tragedian Macready.

Between Macready and my brother Charles existed a kind of ferocious friendship. Macready, whatever he may have been in private life, had at the theater a simply horrible temper and he was in the habit of using at rehearsals and even in an undertone when acting the most abusive language—language which my brother sometimes passed by with a smile, but which he occasionally hotly resented. He did not mind Macready constantly addressing him as "beast," but he objected to having his eyes, his limbs and his internal organs coupled with invective terms. Yet, oddly enough, the great tragedian, with whom he was constantly quarreling, had a grim respect and liking for him. He knew him to be a gentleman and a scholar and one who was a competent judge of picturesque effect and an acute dramatic critic. On one occasion Macready having to play "Othello," and my brother not being included in the cast, the tragedian thus addressed him: "Beast, I want you to be in front tonight and give me afterward a full and candid opinion as to the merits of my acting. Omit nothing. Tell me how I played and how I looked. I have an idea that I shall surpass myself this evening." Now, the great actor used to go through a tremendous amount of realistic effort in the part of Othello and toward the close of the tragedy would get into such a disorganized physical condition that he was all perspiration and foaming at the mouth and presented a somewhat shocking spectacle.

My brother duly occupied a seat in the front row of the dress circle and narrowly watched the performance from beginning to end. Then he went behind the scenes and repaired to Macready's dressing room. The artist was being disrobed by his dresser and was panting with excitement in an armchair.

"Well, beast, what was it like?" My brother told him that he had derived the highest gratification from the performance and he had never seen him play Othello more superbly. He was magnificent in his speech to the Venetian senate, the jealousy scenes with Iago were splendid, the murder of Desdemona was superb, and he died limply. Macready's face lighted up more and more as my brother answered his many queries.

"Tis well, beast," he observed at last. "Tis well—very well, and, now, what was my appearance—how did I look, beast?"

My brother cogitated for a moment and then, with perfect candor, replied, "Like a sweep, sir!"—G. A. Sala's Recollections.

Unloaded on the Editor.

Soon after arriving in London Justin McCarthy obtained an introduction to an editor who had started what was then the novel feature of publishing short stories in newspapers. Mr. McCarthy wrote a story for him and sent it in. A few days later he called at the office to learn its fate.

"I hope you can see your way to accept it," he said timidly.

"Yes, and sixty more like it," replied the editor.

Nothing more was heard of Mr. McCarthy for several months. When he eventually put in an appearance at the office he had a large parcel with him.

"What have you got there?" asked the editor, seeing him untie the cord.

"These are the sixty stories you asked me to write," answered his visitor. The editor gasped for breath.

"But I didn't ask you to write anything like that number!" he said.

"You expressed your willingness to accept sixty stories like the one I wrote on approval, and here they are. I merely took you at your word," quoth the young Irishman. The stories were not refused.

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1780) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up, without extinction for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

Dickens and Thackeray.

"I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth. He left the day of my arrival," writes Leveson-Gower in his memoirs. "Thackeray came that same afternoon and was anxious to hear about Dickens' visit. He wondered whether he had toiled the duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another."

A Careful Wife.

Hubby (desperately)—Give me your clothesline. I'm going to hang myself. Wife (sweetly)—Oh, George, I'm so sorry. This clothesline is so rotten it won't hold you. You'll have to buy one, dear!—Cleveland Leader.

Bad Result of Experiment.

Aunt Ann—You think John no longer loves you? New Wife (sighing)—I—I know it, auntie! I put on an ugly old hat this morning and he never noticed the difference!—Chicago Tribune.

Most people think when they receive a favor that it is merely a sample, and that if the goods suit they can come back for more.

THE DOMESTIC HUSBAND.

One View of the Man Who Haunts His Own Home Circle.

The foolishness of wives is shown in their warfare against the club, be it good or bad, and their indiscriminate laudation of the domestic man. The latter is not apt to be an alluring personality, for, oscillating between downtown and home, his circle of interests is necessarily narrow, and he inevitably takes up with more or less petty matters and becomes a domestic martinet or a tame cat. All the big civic interests that engage the energies of public spirited men in their leisure from business he ignores, as he does association with men identified with other worthy interests. The petty gossip of the home and the evening paper constitute the typical domestic man's mental sustenance in his moments of relaxation from the grind of money making, and apart from merely having him within reach it is hard to understand what pleasure the wife can take in this variety of husband, for he apparently feels under no obligation to make himself agreeable. It is not he who makes the meal cheerful by setting the conversational pace in the direction of amusing stories or interesting information, his usual contribution being fussy comment on some trivial domestic incident. More often he eats in silence and departs in the shortest time possible for the most desirable chair in the living room, there to remain for the remainder of his evening. Such a man, however good a provider he may be for his family, is a social vegetable merely, in whom no woman is justified in taking pride at this day, when the need in public affairs is for citizens who bear their share of the burdens peculiar to our nation and times.—Vogue.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do so well today that you need not long for tomorrow.

Some men only want your confidence to give it to others.

If a man were his own enemy, what stories he could tell on himself!

Don't judge a man by his first friendships in a town; judge him by his last.

Don't give your friends indignation by trying to poke people you like down their throats.

When we think of the ease with which we deceive others we should think of the ease with which others may deceive us.

Good news travels; not so rapidly as bad news, of course, but it travels. Do a good thing, and people will hear of it in time.

Everybody understands that an old boiler must be treated with care, but very few understand that an old stomach is as dangerous as an old boiler.—Acheson Globe.

Spencer and the Great Riddle.

To every aspect of the problem of life Herbert Spencer must have given thought, but he has plainly declared that the human intellect as at present constituted can offer no solution. The greatest mind that this world has yet produced—the mind that systematized all human knowledge, that revolutionized modern science, that dissipated materialism forever, that revealed to us the ghostly unity of all existence, that re-established all ethics upon an immutable and eternal foundation—the mind that could expound with equal lucidity and by the same universal formula the history of a gnat or the history of a sun, confessed itself before the riddle of existence scarcely less helpless than the mind of a child.—Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic.

Queer Books.

Among the world's queerest books is "Pharamond; or, The History of France—A Pam'd Romance, in Twelve Parts." It was "written originally by the author of 'Cassandra and Cleopatra,'" and it was "Englished" by J. Phillips, Gent., and published in London in folio in 1677. "Pharamond" runs to 1,178 closely printed folio pages, which contain in all some 1,073,295 words. That is to say, it equals in length ten modern novels of about 100,000 words apiece. Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" works out, interspersed poetry and all, at some 400,000 words, or four modern novels.

Dodola and Rain.

The Servian peasants have a curious old ceremony of invoking rain which they carry out during dry weather. The women of the village dress a girl in leaves and grass from head to foot and lead her from house to house. At each door the occupant pours a bucketful of water over her head, while her companions, who are mostly girls of her own age, chant prayers for the wished for showers. Invisible clouds of rain are believed by the peasants to follow the girl, whom they name "Dodola," and to refresh the fields and vineyards.

It Pays to Advertise.

An Oklahoma girl advertised for a husband and got him. The total expense for advertising, wedding outfit, etc., was \$11. He died within a year, leaving her an insurance policy of \$10,000. And yet some people claim that it doesn't pay to advertise.—Sparks (Okla.) Review.

Unanswered.

"Papa!" little Johnny began. "Now what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."
"Will my hair fall off when it's ripe, like yours?"

The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take 6,000 to make out.—Brown.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.

And the De Soto County News for One Year, \$1.65.

For the autumn season now at hand the most valuable paper to you will be the New York three-a-week World, because it offers you more at the price than any other paper published anywhere in the world.

This is a time of great events. We are having great wars, and other changes of a startling kind are occurring both at home and abroad. The three-a-week World comes to you every other day, except Sunday, with all the news fully, accurately and promptly told.

The three-a-week World is fair in its political reports. You can get the truth from its columns whether you are Republican or Democrat, and that is what you want.

The three-a-week World always has a serial story running, and it is always a first class story by a first class author. The three-a-week world publishes better fiction than any other newspaper in the United States. Special attention is also given to markets, and there are many other valuable features.

The three-a-week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the De Soto County News together one year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

Incredible Brutality.

It would have been incredible brutality if Chas. F. Lemberger, of Syracuse, New York, had not done the best he could for his suffering son. "My boy," she says "cut a fearful gash over his eye, so I applied Bucklin's Arnica Salve, which healed it and saved his eye." Good for burns and ulcers, too. Only 25c at Ed Greene's drug store.

Grave Trouble Foreseen.

It needs but little foresight to tell that when your stomach and liver are badly affected grave trouble is ahead, unless you take the proper medicine for your disease, as Mrs. John Young, of Clay, N. Y., did. She says: "I had neuralgia of the liver and stomach, my heart was weakened and I could not eat. I was very bad for a long time, but in Electric Bitters I found just what I needed, for they quickly relieved and cured me." Best medicine for weak women. Sold under guarantee by Dr. Ed Greene, druggist, at 50c a bottle.

The sideboard adjunct of the U. S. A. needs an amputation.

Mr. Morgan has the Bacon; does the rest of the country get the rind?

Democratic victory in 1906 and 1908 can be assured right now. Organization is the watchword.

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COLD STORAGE ROOMS
FOR CURING
HAMS, BACON, ETC.,

and will be open for curing meat
November 1.

Kill and cut up your Hogs into Sides, Hams and Shoulders, and thoroughly cover with salt, bring or ship to us at Arcadia in box or barrel. We will store same thirty (30) days, which is long enough to cure it, for one cent per pound. If you desire to leave it in storage longer, the rate will be one-half cent per pound for each month or fraction thereof. Get the meat to us within thirty-six (36) hours of the time killed and we can cure it into good commercial Bacon, Hams over 25 lbs, should remain 60 days; cut leg off above knee joint, remove upper hip bone. When returned they should be wrapped in muslin and thoroughly smoked with hickory wood smoke. If you have any hogs for sale, write or telephone us; we will pay full market price for Hogs dressed or on foot. This industry should be profitable to you and us. Try it.

ED. SCOTT, Manager
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